

Reale
THE 12331. 666. 42
TRAVELS
OF

Monf. *le Post-Chaise*. #

Written by HIMSELF.



L O N D O N :

Printed for J. SWAN, near *Northumberland-*
House in the Strand. 1753.

[Price One Shilling.]

THE
SERIALS

OF
THE
ROYAL SOCIETY



Printed by J. B. G. & Co. 1753.
[The One Serials]



THE
TRAVELS
OF
Mons. le Post-Chaise.



Need not inform my Reader; that I took my first Rise from *France*; and as the *English* are chiefly oblig'd to my Country for most of their modern Fashions; I hope they will think themselves under a double Obligation; from the great Assistance they receive from my Agility, being at the same Time both fashionable and useful. Reflections of all Kinds are very ridiculous; and much more so, when any one endeavours to enhance his own Value by aspersing his Neighbours: But, where Merit is really due, I cannot see that presumptuous Pretenders should, uncontroll'd, share in those Praises that are only due to the Industrious: I speak this in regard to my own Countrymen; for I believe

B

it

it will be allowed by all impartial Judges, that I am not to be put upon a Footing with Dancing-Masters, Valets, Barbers, &c. These Triflers of the Age throw a general Scandal upon their Country; for when they have serv'd their own Ends, they never fail to laugh in their Patron's Face (with a *bon Grace*, as they call it) and then dance home again. And so, by this Means, it is imagined an Impossibility for Sincerity to spring from the Soil of the Grand Monarch; but I hope to make it appear to the contrary, having faithfully carried many an *English* Man of Quality through the Dirt, without the least Spot sticking to his Coat. But, before I come to Particulars, I believe it will be necessary to give some Account of myself: For, as most Foreigners ought to be question'd, I cannot flatter myself that I shall be wholly exempt; and, to spare the Inquiry of the speculative Part of Mankind, I shall make an ingenuous Confession of the Cause of my coming to *England*, and thereby prevent the opprobrious Name of *French Spy*, &c.

BUT I must first beg the Favour of the Reader to allow me a tolerable Share of Understanding, and imagine that I am endow'd with all the Senses; am a Master of Languages, with some Elocution; and have as much Right to enquire into the Causes of Things, as any of *Aesop's* Birds or Beasts had: And though I have been maliciously called, by some certain Innkeepers, *French Renegado*, for no other Reason than that I have nimbly out-run their Impositions, and thereby sav'd those I have carried from their monstrous Exactions: Yet may I justly boast a Pre-eminence much above those Dung-Forks, being first made use of at *Paris*, and design'd only to carry the *Dauphin* when he was

was in a lolling Humour to take the Air. In this happy Station I thought myself quite secure, and proudly look'd down on every Carriage of inferior Degree, imagining it an Impossibility to fail while the whole Dependance of *France* rested upon my Shoulders, which then was the Case; and would have been so still, had it not been for a wicked Misrepresentation of Monsieur G****, *Maitre de Cavalier*, who, fixing his Eye upon me as his Perquisite, reported me incapable of longer Service, and too dangerous to be intrusted with the Royal Weight.

THIS was such an unlook'd-for Blow, that it would certainly have broke my Heart, had it been made of any Thing else but Oak; for I found myself immediately robb'd of all Dignity, and thrown neglected into the Hands of a common Stable-keeper, who us'd to lend me now-and-then to Monsieur's Gardiner to bring Fruit and Sallad from his Country-Seat: I was in great Hopes I should have had the Satisfaction of carrying Monsieur himself, and have reveng'd all my Injuries, by giving him the *Coup de Grace*; which supported me under my Misfortunes for some Time; but I found myself mistaken here too; for it was not long before I was sold to a Livery-Stable, and reduc'd to the lowest State of severe Slavery. It is endless to tell the many troublesome Loads I carried of Mechanicks, such as Cheesemongers, Tallow-Chandlers, Taylors, Barbers, &c. and what a Compound of filthy Smells they always left behind, insomuch that I was almost poison'd with my own Occupation; and reduc'd so low, that I was hardly thought fit to be the Receptable of a half-pay Officer, or *Dominican* Priest. Under this Load of Dirt I travell'd, for

three Months, without so much as being once entertain'd with any Thing that was agreeable; nor could my attentive Ears be saluted with any Thing but the Prices of Goods, Statutes of Bankruptcy, my Lord such a one never paying his Debts, and how cou'd Tradesmen live, and such-like Stuff; which still made my Task seem the harder, and reduc'd my usual Sprightliness of running eight Miles an Hour, into a melancholly Crawl of not above three.

BEING thus quite hopeless of ever making any Figure in the World again, and pausing (as I stood one Day in my Master's Yard, expos'd to a hard Shower of Rain) upon the Uncertainty of human Grandeur, and the vain Dependance on a Great Man's Smiles, who is of no longer Service than the Favourite can be serviceable; I had the Satisfaction to hear the agreeable Sound of my Load *Travel's* (who was an *Englishman*) wanting a Post-Chaise to go to *Calais*. I cannot say I was so much pleased with the Thoughts of undertaking so long a Journey, as I was with the Hopes of once more carrying a Man of Figure.

My Master, who was a thrifty Man, and lov'd to get Money, told the Servant that came, he had got a very good one, but that he believ'd the Lining was a little impair'd by the frequent Use some Gentlemen had made of it; but if that would do, his Lordship might be equipp'd as soon as he pleas'd: Accordingly I was survey'd by the Messenger, who seem'd to shrug up his Shoulders; but said, that as his Master was determined to go away that Afternoon, he believ'd he would put up with my tatter'd Condition: So into the House they went, and struck the Bargain; and I was immediately order'd to undergo the usual

usual Discipline of a Mop and Pail. Thus being set out to the best Advantage, I was introduc'd before his Lordship's Door, which unluckily having a Step that I was drawn close up to, he, with a Spring, leap'd directly into me, and strain'd my Side so much, that I was in some Danger of not performing my Journey. It seems this Gentleman came to *Paris* on Purpose to learn the *French* Way of Dancing from the best Masters, and was continually exercising his Feet upon my Bottom; and had not my Head been low, and confin'd him to his Seat, in all Probability he would have shewn me more of his Dexterity, and left me no Bottom at all. In this dancing Humour, I trundled him twenty Miles before Night, and had the Satisfaction to be put up at a good Inn, with a Covering over my Head, which was the only one I had had during my three Months Servitude. The Master of the Inn, with the usual Compliments of *France*, introduc'd his Lordship into his best Room, which had a Window that was open'd close by my Ear, and continued so, as the Weather was hot: This I thought a lucky Accident, imagining, that if he mingled with Company, I should be entertain'd with a Scene of Pleasantry; for being as yet unexperienc'd in Mankind, I concluded every one that had a Title must in Course have a Genius.

The Landlord, who knew as well how to entertain a Great Man as any one upon the Road, made several Apologies for not having a better Place to shew his Lordship into; but withal told him, that his Wine was the best in all *France*, and that he had the Honour of several Persons of Quality's Company from *Paris*, on no other Account than merely to taste it; and as for Eatables there

there was not a Rarity within a hundred Miles, but what he could produce upon the Table within half an Hour: This he spoke with such an Air of Politeness, and at the same Time making so many submissive Bows, that his Lordship seem'd wonderfully pleas'd, and withal compounded with him for a roasted Duck and a Bottle of Claret. The Wine was produc'd with as much Activity as possible, and in as little Time as an *English* Alderman could stoop to take up his Cane; and having given several Assurances that it came from the Marquis *de Fleur's* Estate, he filled out a Glass and presented it to his Lordship, who having sputtered a Mouthful or two upon the Ground, allow'd it to be incomparable. But Landlord, said he, there is one Thing yet that I am afraid I shall be at a loss for, and that is an agreeable Companion to pass away the Evening: Prythee what Company have you? Do you think there is any proper for me to mingle with? Why that, Sir, said he, is the greatest Misfortune that attends my House; for tho' I have several of the best Quality that use it, yet are they so light heel'd, that they have hardly Patience to stay the drinking of one Bottle: Would you believe it, Sir! I have had the House crouded for a Month together, and not drawn one Pipe of this excellent Wine! It is impossible to fix them to a Table; and I have known Monsieur *de Shoulier* dance three Minuets before he has drank two Glasses. I have but one Gentleman that I can call a staunch Customer, and I believe I am pretty much oblig'd to his Corpulency, or he would sometimes give me the Slip too, though he is an excellent Judge of Wine, and seldom chuses to rise under three Bottles to his own Share. I could wish half my

Countrymen

Countrymen labour'd under the same Inconveniency, in all Probability I might find my Account in it.

THIS Gentleman, my Lord, is a Priest, of the Order of *St. Francis*, and Father of a Convent about ten Miles from hence, in the Road to *St. Omer's*; and I believe the fattest your Lordship ever saw; he looks as if he had been fed all his Life-time in *England*, at the Expence of the Publick: He seldom fails to visit me twice a Week, and is so punctual to his Time, that I always have a Bed prepar'd, which he is sure to make use of: I left him below Stairs, and as he has pretty near finish'd his first Bottle, I make no doubt but it would give him a greater Relish to his Liquor, could he have the Honour of concluding the Evening in your Lordship's Company. I have no Objection to his Company, reply'd my Lord, provided he has not too much of the Priest in him; the Gentleman is always welcome to me, let him be of what Profession he will; but I know there is a natural Tendency to Inquisitiveness in most Men of his Calling, and nothing can be Right that don't meet with their Approbation. It is not the Case here, said the Landlord, you may sit the whole four and twenty Hours round in Father *Dominick's* Company, and never hear him mention one Word of Religion, after he is once a little acquainted with you, nor be any otherways Inquisitive, than whether the Supper is ready, or the Drawer gone to fill the next Bottle; and I believe he has seen so much of the World, and his own Fraternity, that he finds it necessary to place his whole Confidence in Wine: Its attractive Qualities give him the Opinion that nothing else can be Genuine, and
inspires

inspires him so much, that he will discourse excellently upon the Subject sometimes; tho' if I may be allow'd to speak my Sentiments, I think nothing betrays him oftener, which he will no ways admit of, but turns it off with a Laugh, and calls it quaffing of Friendship, on which reliance, he can trust his most inward Thoughts, and not be put to the Trouble of being always upon his Guard by keeping his Senses.

The Description pleas'd my Lord so well, that he cou'dn't help expressing his Joy with a loud Laugh, and with all desir'd the Landlord, to give his Compliments to the Gentleman; and that he shou'd esteem it as a Favour to pass an Hour in his Company; which was immediately comply'd with, and an Answer brought by Father *Dominick* himself; in as little Time as he could conveniently hobble up a Dozen Stairs. He approach'd the Room with much Grace, and his usual Benediction of *Save you, Sir*; and though I am unus'd to the Flattery of the Age, yet I must add; that I think your Lordship does me much Honour in this Condescension; for the Church is now a-days hardly look'd upon by those that call themselves the polite Part of Mankind: No! it is become a meer Impediment, a perfect Stumbling-Block to Mens Pursuits, which at all Hazards they will jump over: The Gratification of the Senses seems to be the only Aim, and nothing can be worth obtaining but what gives immediate Sensation; I suffer great Disquietude for my Fellow-Creatures, and heartily wish I could forget their Errors: But I perceive my Zeal has carried me a little too far, and made me neglect to drink your Lordship's Health: Which was no sooner return'd by my Lord, but he propos'd the Church, and several other

other Healths, that seem'd to run in a successive Line, and trod so fast upon one another's Heels, that there was an absolute Necessity for a fresh Supply.

DURING the Interim the Drawer was gone for another Bottle, he paraphras'd much upon the Excellence of the Wine, and said, with great Raptures, that he thought *France* enjoy'd a Blessing superior to most Countries, in producing so valuable a Cordial; and that he believ'd it was the Spring from which all those Streams of *French* Judgment flow'd; with this Addition: "That if I may be allow'd to speak my Mind freely, my Lord, I believe all the Advantages we have gain'd over the *English* have been owing to this potent Friend." And a little of our Indolence together, reply'd his Lordship. That, I would not take the Liberty to insinuate, without your Permission, return'd the Priest: But that Indolence is chiefly owing to the Thickness of the Juices which is occasioned by heavy Liquors, Food, intemperate Living, &c. Nor must I omit the Air, which may, in a great Measure, contribute to your lethargic Dispositions. It is true, you boast a Robustness of Body, have Bones and Sinews capable of much Execution; and, I believe, was it to depend upon Strength only, you might be capable of buffeting us out of our Possessions; but your Lordship must allow that we have found many Ways to enervate you, and that Strength is not upon an Equality with Judgment; nor am I partial to my Countrymen in saying so: It is Experience that has shewn me these Things.

My Lord seem'd not much vers'd in Politicks, and therefore comply'd with what the Churchman said, by a significant Shake or two of his Head,

and a profound Silence of about five Minutes; and, to evade a second Attack upon his Parts, he told the Priest, he never saw a Man in his Life he lik'd better; and that if he would accept of half his Post-Chaise in the Morning, he shou'd be proud of the Opportunity of setting him down at the Nunnery, were he to go a hundred Miles out of his Way on Purpose. The Words were no sooner out, than I thought I should have broke down with Fear, and begun now to look upon the Priest as my Executioner, imagining such a Load must infallibly crush me to Pieces; and soon found my Sentence pronounc'd, by his Acceptance of the Offer; and, to make Amends for so great an Honour, he promised to give his Lordship a Sight of the Nunnery. This I was surpriz'd at, because it is contrary to the Laws of *France* to suffer a Heretick to peep into their Church Mystery; which seems well calculated to keep the People under a proper Subjection. If my Reader shou'd chance to be a *Frenchman*, I hope he will pardon the Freedom I make Use of with my Conntrymen, and consider that I was bred at Court, from whence the pious Invention first sprung; and which has so entirely secur'd its Safety, that Passive Obedience and Non Resistance seem entail'd upon the People from Generation to Generation. But, to return to my Lord, whose Looks shew'd how much he approv'd of the Invitation, and, with many hearty Squeezes by the Hand, told the Priest, he was the only Friend his Curiosity had ever met with, for that it had often incited him to a View of the Religeuses, but that he was at a Loss how to obtain so great a Favour, and wish'd that he could be so happy as ever to see him in *England*, which would give him the Power of shewing in
what

high Esteem he held his Friendship. His Reverence was not behind-hand with him in Compliments, and drank a Glass or two extraordinary upon the Occasion, seeming very inclinable to spend the whole Night; but it being now near Twelve o'Clock, his Lordship made an Overture to withdraw, which the Father, with some Reluctance, comply'd with; and accordingly each retired to his respective Place of Rest: Though it is my Opinion his Lordship did not sleep much, for when the Priest promised to shew him the Nunnery, I perceiv'd an eager Impatience, which his Countenance betray'd; his Eyes sparkled with an unusual Lustre; his Cheeks glow'd; and, blushing, confess'd the wanton Wishes of his Breast, in spite of all the Art he could make Use of to hide it: But what his Consciousness could not conceal, was chiefly disguised by his good Friend the Bottle, which the Father had enjoy'd so freely, that it left him very little room for Penetration.

At the Hour of Eight in the Morning I was ordered to be in Readiness, and having taken up my Reverend Load, I made shift to groan out the ten Miles, though not without many a dismal Crack upon the Road, which I believe created some Fear in his Holiness, and occasioned an *Ave Maria* now-and-then to be whisper'd for his Safety. Having arrived at the Nunnery, and disgorg'd myself of the greatest Uneasiness that ever afflicted me, I was usher'd through a large Gate into a back Yard, which was situate on an Eminence that overlook'd part of a Dwarf-Wall that help'd to inclose the Garden belonging to the Nunnery; and which gave me a full View of that sweet Retirement: Nature and Art seem'd here combin'd to receive

those heavenly Forms, only fit for such a Paradise; nor could the unknowing Traveller, that should chance to pass this Way, imagine so much Delight could be coated by such antiquated Walls, that environ'd the whole Spot of this religious Place; and whose rude Appearance seem'd to preface nothing but Horror within.

My Eye wandered here insensibly, fix'd to no Part that I could say delighted most; each had its equal Beauty, and invited in its Turn: It was now I most wish'd to be a Mortal, that I might, thro' the Help of Holy Orders, traverse this fair *Eden*, and, unsuspected, hold Converse with the beautiful Inhabitants: A State more to be envied than that of Monarchs.

HERE the lurking Friar, secur'd from suspicious Eyes, wantonly basks his precious Hours, warm'd by many celestial Suns, who in Obedience passively comply with each Desire, and think it Duty to obey his lewd Commands. Sweet Innocence is here betray'd, under a Pretence of being happy; and what it most wishes for, flies furthest from. After I had with Envy contemplated some Time on the luxuriant Recesses that this fat Priest enjoy'd, I was surpriz'd with a different sort of Object, which unexpectedly caught my Eye as I was directing it towards a shady Walk that pointed to an Alcove within a few Yards of where I stood. It was a Lady attired in the Habit of a Nun, who I first imagined was walking to partake of the Odours that this delightful Place afforded; but by the wringing of her Hands, and solemn Pace, I soon perceiv'd her Breast was overwhelmed with Sorrow: She pass'd regardless of every Beauty round her, and trod the Flowers as they strove to kiss her Feet: As she drew near, she unveil'd her Face,

which

which discovered every Charm that Imagination can paint, or fond Lover wish; her Eyes, tho' drown'd in Tears, display'd their Brillicancy through the yielding Fluid, and darted such Lustre as if ordain'd by Nature to nourish those fair Walks.

I wish'd for nothing more than to have her near me; and it is certain, had I been made of Flesh and Blood, not all the Racks in *France* cou'd have kept me from o'er-leaping the Bounds of Virtue. I now began to think what an Opportunity my Lord had lost, in not being a Post-Chaise here in my room, and whether such a happy Glance was not worth an Age of Slavery. As she drew near, her Charms grew stronger, as if intended but to encrease Desire; at length, propitious to my Wishes, she seated herself in the Alcove, where I had Leisure to gaze on every Perfection. Several Minutes she sigh'd away, and with her Handkerchief wip'd the Tears that hung upon her Cheeks, resembling Dew that lodges on the new-blown Rose: Her snowy Breast beat Time to Grief, and swelling shew'd the Perturbation of her Mind: At last, impatient of Distress, she broke out into Exclamations, and vainly curs'd the Hour that gave her Birth; and demanded why Heaven should point out her alone to such Variety of Sorrows, lost to all Happiness, and condemn'd never to see the dear *Lothario* more: At these Words the Tears again renew'd their Course, and choak'd the rest she would have utter'd.

I NEVER 'till now could say I was thoroughly acquainted with Pity; her Distresses had so far soften'd my rude Frame, that I hardly knew a Thing I would not have undertaken for her Deliverance. I found the Cause was LOVE, and wish'd for the Wings of *Mercury* to find out the
happy

happy Lover, that he might know how much Sweetness was lost for his Sake: Sometimes I had a Mind to speak, and offer her my Assistance, but then I thought it might occasion Wonder, (as in all Probability she had never heard a Post-Chaise speak before) and think herself too much expos'd, when she had made that Place her Retirement to whisper out her Grievs, secur'd, as she thought, from every Beholder. As I was thus divided what to do, she again began to speak, and said, " Could I but escape this cursed Nunnery, form'd
 " to no end but to betray desiring Lovers, I
 " might still be happy: Such cruel Usage, and
 " from a Parent too! Is it possible He that gave
 " me Life could do it to make me miserable? Yes,
 " he may keep me here imprisoned till I die, but
 " all the subtle Arts this Priest is Master of, shall
 " never make me take the Orders which he calls
 " Holy. No! I will first make Use of every In-
 " vention to let *Lothario* know my unhappy Con-
 " finement, and leave the rest to him, nor lon-
 " ger play the whining Fool, and fall by mere
 " Despair.

THESE last Words she spoke with an Air of Fierceness, and starting from her Seat, precipitately made her Way to the same Walk, where my Eye follow'd her, 'till the winding Shade, as if jealous of her Charms, inclos'd her from my Sight, and made me lose the loveliest Object I ever yet had seen. I had not lost sight of her many Minutes, before that disagreeable Composition of Nature's worst Part, the Priest, appear'd; as if design'd to form the Contrast between Beauty and Ugliness: The Reverend strides he took were upon a Terrace-Walk, and with as much Swiftmess as his Corpulency would admit of: At
 first

first I thought some Familiar had whisper'd him in the Ear, that the Lady was alone, and walking in the Grove, which might occasion his exerting himself in that Manner; for surely nothing but Love was worth the Pains he took; but I was soon undeceiv'd, by seeing him meet my Lord, who as yet had been conceal'd from me, and was in another Walk admiring the Order and Beauty of some Flowers, that seem'd to ingross his Attention: I wish'd for a Transformation into some other Shape, that I might privately inform him of what I had seen, and that the most beautiful Flower in those Walks, was cover'd by the Shade that lay behind him; but it was to no Purpose, all I had to hope for was, that Chance would give him the Sight of her, and then if he was a Man of Gallantry, he might improve the lucky Opportunity, and find a thousand Ways to evade his dull Companion.

THE Thought was no sooner hatch'd, than I heard a Bell ring at the Nunnery, and perceiv'd by the little Ceremony the Priest made use of in taking his Leave, that it was a Summons which requir'd his immediate Attendance, leaving my Lord (as he suppos'd) in the Garden alone; where I had the Mortification of seeing him like a dull Plant fix'd to one Spot, and wasting those precious Moments his lucky Stars had given him. The Agitation it gave me is inexpressible, to see him stand admiring a few Flowers, when all the Sweets of *Hybla* were centered in one so near him; and though he was Ignorant of his Happiness, yet I could not help blaming his Judgment; because there were many Curiosities much more to be admired, and would have attracted any Eye but his; I call'd him a thousand senseless Creatures in my Mind,

Mind, and began now to think the Report I had heard of the Stupidity of the *English* was true; and that this was one of those wise Senators, that my Country was so much oblig'd to, for being born without a Head.

BUT tho' he seem'd to have no Brains, I perceiv'd the Lady had, for she took the Opportunity of dropping a Paper within a few Yards of where he was, and then disappear'd, which had the desir'd Effect; for as soon as he turn'd about, he saw the tempting Scrole waiting to kiss his Hand, and give him Intelligence of what was most worthy his Admiration: He greedily snatch'd it up, and read it over with some Surprise, then immediately repair'd to the Ambuscade, where I saw no more of him for near half an Hour.

THE pleasing Conjectures I had at this Time are past Description, and shall appeal to my Reader, whether he thinks, if I had been of mortal Frame, I could have had the Patience to have staid where I was, without taking one Peep. I was so much animated, that every Brace in me began to be in Motion, and caus'd such a Disorder in my whole Composition, that I had lik'd to have shook out the Fore-Glass as I stood trembling. I sympathiz'd so much with his Lordship, that I began to think, if I was in *England*, I would turn Pimp, where I might enjoy both the Pleasure and the Profit, for I had often heard it was no inconsiderable Calling there, and of more Advantage than the Commission of a *French* Officer.

As soon as the Tremor was a little over, and I had recovered the Use of my Reason, I began to consider what the Event of this would be; for I very well knew the Consequence, if my Lord was caught

caught in trespassing upon the sacerdotal Rights; and that all the Interest he was capable of making, would not rescue him out of the merciless Claws of the Church; nor could I help wondering at the Priest's Absence so long, who I knew would not stay, but upon some very particular Occasion. However, I was soon put out of Doubt, by seeing my Lord ascend the Terras-Walk, and enter in at the Back Door of the Nunnery from whence he and the Priest first came out; nor did I then see any more of the Lady, but imagin'd her still to remain in the Grove, ruminating upon what was past; tho' it seems she went in at some other Entrance, not conspicuous enough for me to see, as I found afterwards.

I HAD now pass'd away several Hours between Hope, Fear, and Pleasure; and perceiv'd, by the Day's being far advanced, that my Lord had no great Inclination to remove from his Quarters; he had, no Doubt, been so well entertain'd, that he wish'd a Repetition of it, and thought but little of his Journey, tho' the next Stage we had to go was twenty Miles, before we could arrive at any tolerable Inn, and I had not the least Thought of the Priest's offering him a Lodging there; but I was mistaken; for he had so far gain'd upon the Churchman's Credulity, that the best Apartment the Place afforded was assign'd him for that Night's Repose; and when it began to grow dark I concluded I was station'd there till the next Day; and accordingly sunk into the Arms of Sleep by the Side of an old Dung-Cart, that happen'd to be my Neighbour, and, by whose worn-out Condition, seem'd to have stood there many a rainy Day.

In these slumbering Hours, there appear'd to me a full Representation of all I had seen before;

D

every

every Delight my Imagination had form'd in the Day, was now painted in the most lively Colours, and gave me the Satisfaction sleeping of what I wish'd for when awake. In the midst of my Happiness, I had the Mortification to be disturb'd by a Whisper of "Don't make the least Noise, or we shall be discover'd:" And before I could well shake off my Drowsiness, I found myself attack'd in the Middle by a female Leg which stept into me, and convey'd the very identical She I had seen in the Garden; and the most angelick Form that ever yet my Embraces met with. She was no sooner seated than my Lord enter'd, and my Gentleman-Usher, commonly call'd the Postillion, conducted me to the Gate where I first enter'd, and opening of it softly, with a Key procur'd on purpose, we began our Scamper with uncommon Swiftmess.

I was so pleas'd with my charming Load, that nothing appear'd difficult; every rugged Way I caper'd over with the Activity of a Dancing-Master, and by the Break of Day, which was in about four Hours, I had left the Nunnery thirty Miles behind me. I was then order'd to take a Bye-Road, which led a little a-cross the Country; and having travell'd about a dozen Miles more, we stopp'd at an Inn call'd the *Shapeau Rous*; where my Lord took his soft Partner by the Hand, and conducted her into an Apartment, which depriv'd me of the Sight of her for above two Hours; at which Time I was order'd to have a fresh Supply of Horses, and prepare for a second Heat.

THOUGH my Spirits were pretty much exhausted with the Fatigue that I receiv'd from the Hurry, yet I could not help employing my Mind, during their Absence, to think where this would
end;

end ; for as yet I was quite unacquainted with how they intended to proceed ; but suspected shrewdly of what they were by this Time about. During the whole Journey they had exchang'd but very few Words, and none of any more Consequence, than that they hop'd they should not be overtaken, and so forth. I constantly watch'd my Lord's Hands, and expected to see them better employ'd, than by keeping them in one Posture continually before him, which was not the Case, and made me again condemn his Stupidity ; for certainly she had Charms enough to warm the coldest Constitution ; nor could I imagine he would run such a Hazard for a less Reward than the Enjoyment of her Person.

BEING thus disappointed, and as I had no other Pleasure to hope for, than having a full View of their amorous Toys, I began to be almost indifferent about their Safety : But as soon as she appeared again, her Looks demanded my Protection ; I receiv'd her with the same Eagerness, and found myself ready to perform every Difficulty ; her Touch gave me fresh Vigour, and made me set out with the same Vivacity I had done before ; and according to Orders directed my Course directly towards *Calais*. I had not gone far before she began to unseal her Lips, which made me all Attention ; and with the sweetest Eloquence, told his Lordship how much she was indebted to him for such unparalell'd Goodness, and that nothing but such a Chance could have sav'd her from the Death that her Despondency had threaten'd her with :

“ A FULL Year, *added she*, have I been lock'd
 “ up under the Care of that troublesome Priest,
 “ and daily persecuted by his Fooleries ; nor am I
 “ ashamed to say the Cause of all my Misfortunes

" is Love ; and as the Nobleness of your Nature
 " has now made you undertake what I can never
 " sufficiently acknowledge, I dare unbosom all my
 " Grievs ; being confident, from what you have
 " already said, that my Honour will be protected.
 " It is true, my Lord, you had a Right to ask
 " every Thing I had Power to grant ; and, was
 " my Heart at my own Disposal, I know none
 " could have a juster Claim than yourself ; but,
 " alas ! it has long since been given to another,
 " and my Vows irrevocably sealed in Heaven ;
 " which when I violate may I undergo every Pu-
 " nishment that rigid Cruelty can inflict. Oh ! Sir,
 " did you but know the amiable *Lotbario*, you
 " must commend my Choice ; for surely he was
 " born with every Grace that Man would wish, or
 " Woman can desire : Perhaps you may think me
 " partial in the Description ; but when the happy
 " Time shall come that he may thank you for this
 " Favour, I doubt not but you will own the Just-
 " ness of what I say ; and that the greatest Beauty
 " proud *France* can boast of might be fond of
 " such an Alliance." Here she broke off, and his
 " Lordship seem'd a little chagreen'd at his Disa-
 " pointment ; for I found he had endeavour'd to
 " storm the Castle, and did not expect to meet with
 " such a Repulse.

He doubtless thought she ow'd something to
 " Gratitude, and much more to his Person, which
 " he himself seem'd to have a mighty Opinion of,
 " and appeared not a little confus'd while she was
 " praising of *Lotbario*. However, she soon inter-
 " rupted the Pause, by giving a brief History of her
 " Affairs, in the following Manner :

" I AM, said she, the only Daughter of the
 " Marquis de M*****, once fam'd for his high Em-
 " ployment

“ ployments, and great Knowledge in State-Af-
 “ fairs, nor less known for his Virtues. He was
 “ look’d upon as a Star of the first Magnitude,
 “ by which his Dependants steer’d their Course to
 “ Happiness: Thus did he pass some Years of
 “ self-approving Time, till lurking Envy (which,
 “ like a poisonous Weed, springs up in every
 “ Court) began to spread its baneful Influence o’er
 “ his Head, and plainly told him Justice was not
 “ safe. This gave him new Thoughts, and made
 “ him reflect on the transitory Dependence on the
 “ World, and the Necessity of securing a Re-
 “ treat, which he did with as much Expedition as
 “ possible; and, having procur’d his Dismission,
 “ retired into the Country, with a full Determina-
 “ tion never to return to Court again.

“ Our Seat is about fifteen Leagues from *Paris*,
 “ where I was born; and as my Father, with soft
 “ paternal Smiles, has often told me, sent to bless
 “ him in his latter Days. My Mother dying
 “ when I was but two Years old, my prattling
 “ Infancy was his chief Delight; and my riper
 “ Years were no less pleasant, from the Duty I
 “ ow’d so indulgent a Parent. But, alas! the
 “ Avenues of Fate were not all stopp’d; unfore-
 “ seen Mischief stole in upon our peaceful Hours,
 “ and cut the Thread of all our promis’d Bliss.
 “ The Count *de L******, (who is the Father of
 “ *Lothario*, and whose Seat is within half a League
 “ of ours) was the very Cabinet of all my Father’s
 “ Secrets; to him he unbosom’d all his Cares,
 “ and seem’d to live but in his Friendship: Hand
 “ in Hand they trod the Path of strict Alliance
 “ for several Years; and during the Time of my
 “ Father’s Administration at Court, he took in-
 “ defatigable Pains to introduce him to an Office
 “ suitable

“ suitable to his Dignity, tho’ not without giving
 “ great Displeasure to several of the Nobility,
 “ who imagin’d they had a Right much superior
 “ to him.

“ THE Count was no sooner seated, than he
 “ seemingly wore his new Honours with every
 “ Grace his noble Friend could wish; and in a
 “ short Time grew so much in Favour with his
 “ Prince, that he was soon exalted much above
 “ his Expectations; nor had he more to ask, un-
 “ less it was to supplant his Friend; which unpa-
 “ ralell’d Piece of Villany he, in Conjunction
 “ with others, brought to bear; and I fear wore
 “ the Mask of Friendship no otherwise from the
 “ Beginning, than to give the Opportunity: And
 “ though it appear’d plain to several about the
 “ Court, that as one gain’d the Favour of the
 “ King the other lost it: Yet could not my Father
 “ entertain the least Thought of his Perfidy, but,
 “ unsuspecting, saw himself fall, without knowing
 “ the Hand from whence the Wound was given;
 “ and it was above a Year after his Retirement be-
 “ fore he was convinc’d of the Count’s Falshood.

“ I WILL not take upon me to draw his Portrait,
 “ it is past my feeble Description; and therefore
 “ shall only say, that from this Moment I dated
 “ my Ruin; for as soon as he could recover his
 “ straggling Senses, he gave Orders to stop all
 “ Correspondence with the Count’s Family; and
 “ my belov’d *Lothario* was for ever banish’d from
 “ our House; and I, upon Pain of my Father’s
 “ Displeasure, stictly commanded never to see
 “ him more. This was too great a Shock to bear,
 “ for from our Infancy we had prattled Love to-
 “ gether, which ripen’d as we grew, and promis’d
 “ a smiling Train of happy Years. I sicken’d at
 “ the

“ the Thought, and found I could not long sup-
 “ port the Loss of him I only wish’d to live
 “ for.

“ In a Month a visible Decay proclaim’d the
 “ Anguish of my Heart, and baffled every Art
 “ made use of for my Recovery ; which put *Lo-*
 “ *thario* upon many Inventions how to see me ;
 “ but still found a continual Bar to his Desires. All
 “ Doors were lock’d against him, and my once in-
 “ dulent Father (who thought every Thing was
 “ to give Way to his Revenge) was now no longer
 “ so, but determined to sacrifice even my Life to
 “ his Resentment. In vain I pleaded *Lothario’s*
 “ Innocence : In vain did I display the Greatness
 “ of his Mind, and those Perfections which my
 “ Father once had praised, even to an Extrava-
 “ gance. All now was sullied, irreparably lost in
 “ his Father’s Fault, and not one glimmering Hope
 “ left me but to despair and die.

“ Comfortless thus I mourn’d my Time away
 “ till Pity struck the Breast of a faithful Atten-
 “ dant who was my waiting Woman ; this com-
 “ passionate Creature melted at my Sufferings,
 “ and at once, unask’d, promised me the Sight
 “ of *Lothario*, and all the Assistance her weak
 “ Power could give : She spoke with that Con-
 “ cern that left no doubt of Truth, and offer’d
 “ the only Cordial that could restore me back
 “ to Life. I took her by the Hand with all
 “ the Transports of a grateful Mind, and fi-
 “ gur’d in my Eyes the Sentiments of my
 “ Heart, which at once declar’d her my only
 “ Preserver from Destruction. The Revolu-
 “ tion this made in my Mind is inexpressible,
 “ and immediately put me upon a thousand In-
 “ ventions, but *Maria* (for that was her Name)
 “ perceiving

"perceiving the strange Emotion began to be
 "fearful, lest my Impatience should occasion a
 "Discovery, and therefore laid before me the
 "Danger of precipitate Rashness, and the ill
 "planning of an Opportunity, which once lost
 "could never be regain'd; and with many soothing
 "Arguments endeavour'd to compose me to
 "rest and wait the Issue of a little Time. In
 "the Interim, she deliver'd several Messages full
 "of Hope to the dear Partner of my Heart,
 "who with every Transport his fond Love could
 "raise, warded me back the secret Satisfaction of
 "his Soul for my Recovery, which 'till now had
 "been overwhelmed with Horror and Despair.
 "Mutual was our Love, and mutual were our
 "Sufferings; we lived but in each other, and
 "must have died together had not Fate directed
 "it otherways, to prevent the Havock that the
 "Ambition of our proud Parents would have
 "made.

"It was the Custom of my Father, who had
 "always preserv'd the greatest Order in his Family,
 "never to be out of Bed after Ten o'Clock
 "at Night, nor suffer the meanest Servant to
 "watch after that Hour, so that before Eleven,
 "silence was proclaimed throughout the House,
 "and each retired to his respective Place of
 "Rest. This awful Stillness only serv'd to keep
 "my Thoughts awake, and employ the kind Moments
 "gentle Sleep had given, which were profusely
 "spent in thinking of *Lothario*.

"The Apartment where I lay was backwards
 "even with the Garden, and at the Window
 "*Maria* and I used to hold our Midnight Councils:
 "Thus cover'd by Night's dark Mantle,
 "this faithful Creature help'd me to sigh the
 "tedious

" tedious Hours away, till Morning's Dawn pro-
 " claim'd the Error of my stay, and forced me
 " to my Bed for Safety. Several Nights were
 " vainly spent in this disconsolate Manner; and
 " which it seems *Lotbario* at last was no Stranger
 " to, for *Maria* had told him every particular,
 " which put him on the Rack, and made him
 " fly to my Deliverance with the utmost Haste;
 " but cautious of surprizing me, he first open'd
 " his Intention by the most endearing Letter that
 " ever blest'd a Lover's Hand.

" Oh! my Lord, excuse my Weakness in con-
 " fessing, that my fond Heart sprung from its
 " Place, and felt a Joy it never knew before, nor
 " can that extatick Bliss; the promis'd Reward of
 " a painful Life, I doubt, make me more com-
 " pletly happy than that precious Moment did:
 " I read it o'er and o'er with eager haste, and
 " confounded the Business in the Love I bore the
 " Writer; impatient of I knew not what, I
 " wanted Eyes to read it all at once, 'till my
 " dazzled Senses took Surfeit with the Pleasure;
 " and made me sighing own I was ignorant of the
 " Contents. *Maria* snatch'd it from my Hand;
 " and hid the Basilisk that had so charm'd me
 " from my Reason, 'till I could recollect myself
 " again; and having summon'd all my Reso-
 " lution, I by Degrees came at the Purport;
 " which was to be in Readiness that Night at the
 " Window to receive this sweet Disturber of my
 " Repose, who was determin'd to scale the Garden
 " Wall; and fly with me to some Place of Safety;
 " where we might spend the rest of our Lives out
 " of the Power of our rigid Parents.

" ACCORDINGLY I spent the best Part of the
 " Day in providing for my Flight; having pack'd

“ up several valuable Jewels that were Presents of
 “ my Father’s in his fonder Days, the Sight of
 “ which made me dissolve in Tears, to think I
 “ was now under the Necessity of flying from that
 “ Hand that had led me through Life with such pa-
 “ ternal Care, and made a strange Division between
 “ Love and Duty. *Maria* strove with every little
 “ Art she could to cheer me from these Thoughts,
 “ and by many Inventions diverted the creeping
 “ Hours ’till the Bell rung, which was the nightly
 “ Summoner to repose, and which left me at large
 “ to pursue my Purpose; for in an Hour after
 “ the Day’s Fatigue was buried in Sleep, and all
 “ the House seem’d hush as Death.

“ THE Moon now darted pale Lustre through
 “ my Window, and again invited me to the usual
 “ Place, where casting my Eyes among the shady
 “ Walks, the awful Gloom made me inly ruminate
 “ on each Event, and every Breeze of Wind that
 “ whisper’d through the Trees, gave fresh Alarms
 “ to deceive my attentive Ears: Two tedious
 “ Hours I pass’d away in Disappointment, ’till
 “ my Eyes were weary in searching through the
 “ most secret Passages of the Garden; and the
 “ Screech-Owl’s Voice seem’d to mock my Toils,
 “ and proclaim me wretched and forsaken. Un-
 “ happy Thought! what a Revolution did it make?
 “ My Heart again grew sick, my whole Frame
 “ shook with agonizing Pain, and all those pleasing
 “ Ideas that reign’d triumphant were at once ba-
 “ nish’d from my Mind. I sigh’d, and could no
 “ longer bear Reflection, but retir’d to my Bed-
 “ chamber, where I had no sooner seated myself,
 “ than *Maria* (who had been all this While at the
 “ Window) came running, and told me, she saw
 “ Some-body in the Walk, that led from the Jes-
 “

“ famine Bower, who seem’d, with cautious Steps,
 “ to advance towards us.

“ Swift as my Hope I again resumed my Place,
 “ and presently saw the Object of my Wishes;
 “ his Eyes, which far outshone the nocturnal
 “ Night, convinc’d me of the Truth; thrice did
 “ I attempt to express my Joy at his Approach,
 “ and as often did my faltering Tongue refuse to
 “ obey its Office, but left me like a Statue
 “ fix’d, to observe his Motion. He, with Extasy,
 “ drew near, and, wondering sympathiz’d with
 “ me; for broken Accents whisper’d forth his
 “ Love, and, like a Niggard, stinted me of half
 “ the pleasing Tale. Some Time we lost in pant-
 “ ing to recover, ’till Reason chid our fond De-
 “ lay, and pointed out the Morning’s Danger:
 “ Dreadful Consequence! No less than the Ha-
 “ zard of *Lothario’s* Life. This put our Thoughts
 “ upon the Wing, and made us prepare immedi-
 “ ately for Flight.

“ He then took me in his Arms, and lifted me
 “ from the Window, and like the Plunderer, just
 “ possess’d of Wealth, precipitately bore me to
 “ the Place where first he enter’d: *Maria* pursu-
 “ ing us with my little Store, almost breathless,
 “ for fear of being left behind. There was a
 “ Mount at the end of the Walk that over-look’d
 “ the Wall, which we ascended, and by the help of
 “ a Ladder of Ropes, by which *Lothario* first got
 “ Entrance, we, with no great Difficulty, let our-
 “ selves down, and having cross’d a Field, arriv’d at
 “ his Coach, that waited to receive us. We travell’d,
 “ or rather flew, ten Miles, where we alighted at a
 “ rural Cottage, inclosed by winding Hedges of
 “ the spreading Kind, that form’d a pleasant
 “ Shade, and which obscurely hid from all intrud-

“ing Eyes the well-contented Owner. My first
 “Salutation was from a Priest, that was appointed
 “by *Lothario* to meet us here to perform the nup-
 “tial Ceremony. He took me by the Hand,
 “and led me to the blissful Bower, where seated
 “by my lov’d Lord, my Soul seem’d so absolute
 “in its Content, that I wish’d not to know another
 “Happiness; for this appear’d to me the Para-
 “dise, that sweet Repository of the first-lov’d
 “Pair.

“OUR kind Host entertain’d us with every Re-
 “freshment needful for his Dwelling, and ’twas now
 “I first discover’d more was useless. His honest
 “aged Countenance bespoke a Life well wore in
 “Innocence, unknown to Guile, and only wait-
 “ing the Reward of perfect Purity. Here was
 “much room for Speculation, and my Curio-
 “sity would have made me more inquisitive,
 “had not *Lothario*, in the Shape of Love, inter-
 “fer’d, and told me those Moments were too
 “precious to be wasted in Reflection. The Priest
 “too seem’d to chide Delay, and, like a trusty
 “Pilot, steer’d the Course to *Hymen’s* Temple,
 “where we were united in the usual Form.

“But when we thought our Happiness most
 “secure, our rigid Fate alarm’d us with new
 “Troubles; for the Ceremony was no sooner over
 “than we found the Place beset with armed Men;
 “and who should I see first enter but my Father,
 “whose fiery Eyes discover’d a Mind inflam’d
 “with Anger, darting Destruction through e-
 “very Beholder. He greedily snatch’d me as
 “his Prey, while I stood trembling to implore his
 “Mercy; which *Lothario* seeing, attempted
 “to draw his Sword to rescue me; but was
 “immediately seiz’d by several others, who
 “dragg’d

“ dragg’d him instantly from my Sight, and dis-
 “ pos’d him where I never saw him more. *Maria*,
 “ the Priest, and People of the House, fled as
 “ for their Lives; and I alone was left the Victim
 “ to his great Revenge. His Words were choak’d
 “ with Passion, while mine were lost in Fear, and
 “ only cruel Signs were left to tell me what was
 “ meant; for, precipitate as his Rashness, I was
 “ forc’d to a Coach, which stood some little Dist-
 “ ance from the Place, and there cramm’d in, as
 “ something unworthy of better Usage.

“ He had no sooner seated himself by my Side,
 “ than I was drove away with unusual Swift-
 “ ness, with no less than six Men on Horseback to
 “ guard me, all Strangers! Nor did I see one
 “ Face I knew, except my Father’s. I imagin’d
 “ the Cavalcade consisted of more, but I suppose
 “ the rest were left behind to take care of *Lotba-*
 “ *rio*.

“ It was about Two o’Clock when we set off,
 “ and I expected, at the Rate we went, to be at
 “ my old Apartment before Four; but I was
 “ very much disappointed; for we travelled ’till
 “ Ten before we stopp’d, at which Time I arriv’d
 “ at the Nunnery where your Lordship found me.
 “ When I alighted from the Coach I was usher’d
 “ into a Room, where my Father left me alone
 “ for some little Time, and then return’d again;
 “ and, by his Frowns, plainly pointed out some fa-
 “ tal Consequence. I fell upon my Knees, and, in
 “ this humble Posture, begg’d to know my Doom.
 “ His Replies were savage! and fierce as his
 “ Looks, demanded to know what such a Wretch
 “ as I could expect; but, continued he, I will
 “ not parly, lest I forget myself, and prevent a
 “ Purpose which my Soul was sworn to keep.

“ Rise

" Rise up, thou false Deceiver of my Love,
 " stain to my Honour and thy Mother's Virtue;
 " nor think thy delusive Tears shall ever soften
 " my Breast in favour of thy Crimes: I am re-
 " solv'd, and that thou soon shall'st know. I was
 " going to acquaint him with my Marriage, but
 " he would not admit of Answer, but forcibly
 " tore from me, and left the Room.

" I was not long alone before the Lady Abbess
 " appear'd, who, in a most obliging Manner,
 " confirm'd my Safety, and with every Tender-
 " ness, Expression cou'd invent, endeavour'd to
 " dry up my Tears, which, like a Torrent, had
 " overflow'd my Eyes for eight long Hours.
 " When I discover'd where I was, my Fears be-
 " gan to dissipate; for my fluttering Heart fore-
 " boded greater Mischief, thinking on nothing
 " less than Death, though from a Father's Hand;
 " and where I most had room to hope Pro-
 " tection: I retired to my Bed as soon as possible,
 " where I laid me down like a Wretch beset with
 " Ills, whose only Hope is to forget himself; but
 " even here I could find no Ease: *Lothario's*
 " Image, figur'd in my Mind, gave fresh Alarms,
 " and Fancy's Vision shew'd him no longer an In-
 " habitant of this World. Torment succeeded
 " Torment, and left me on the Rack 'till Day-
 " light: Often I curs'd the unlucky Chance that
 " occasion'd the Discovery, and as often blamed
 " myself for being so careless in a Thing that most
 " concern'd my Happiness.

" You may remember, my Lord, I told you I
 " receiv'd a Letter to be in Readiness to escape
 " with *Lothario*, and with what Extravagance I
 " read the pleasing Epistle: Here was the Rock
 " on which I split; for I was so enraptur'd with
 " the

" the Subject, that I thought it worthy of being
 " plac'd next my Heart; and having thrust it in
 " my Bosom, soon forget the Intelligencer of all
 " my Joys : Fatal Neglect ! For as I was lifted
 " from the Window to the Garden, it undoubted-
 " ly fell out, and betray'd our Design ; for the
 " very House, and Person's Name where we went
 " to, were mention'd ; and in too full a Manner
 " to escape my inquisitive Father's Search ; nor
 " did I once think of the mischievous Tell-Tale,
 " 'till I had Cause to mourn my Negligence, and
 " was render'd the most miserable of all Creatures.
 " Since my Confinement, I have been informed
 " that *Lothario* is safe, and that his Father (upon
 " hearing of his going away with me) immediately
 " got an Order from the King to send him to the
 " Army in *Flanders*, with a strict Injunction not to
 " return unsent for ; so that I believe our Mar-
 " riage yet remains a Secret to our Parents. I
 " have laid several Plots for my Escape, but the
 " Priest, who my Father had formerly been ser-
 " viceable to, was too much his Friend to let me
 " succeed ; his Eyes were continually upon me,
 " and his frequent Sollicitations for me to take the
 " Orders of a Nun, became so tiresome that I had
 " very little Respite, any more than while he was
 " drinking his Glass, which I have been told he does
 " with great Freedom, and which has given me
 " the lucky Opportunity that I never otherways
 " should have had : The Moment your Lordship
 " arriv'd with him, I was informed of it, and endea-
 " voured all I could to throw myself in your Way,
 " in hopes that you would send a Letter directed
 " to a Friend of mine at *Paris* ; but when I was
 " so happy as to find you in the Garden alone, my
 " Spirits again reviv'd, and flatter'd me with
 " further

“ further Success; and therefore hope, my Lord;
 “ you will pardon the little Art I made use of in
 “ concealing my Mariage, for Hazards, like these,
 “ I knew would not be run merely from a Principle
 “ of bringing a Woman to her Husband; and as
 “ no less than my Life depended on the Event, I
 “ flatter myself both Heaven and you will forgive
 “ the Deceit; and I have so high a Sense of the
 “ Obligation, that was there a Thing on Earth I
 “ could do for your Service, consistent with Ho-
 “ nour, I should immediately embrace the Task,
 “ and own that Part of my Life due to my Pre-
 “ server.”

HERE she broke off; and his Lordship took
 her by the Hand, and, kissing it with Raptures,
 own'd what she said was just, and that his Mo-
 tive was to oblige himself. But as Fortune had
 pointed him out to preserve her for a happier Man,
 he gloried in the Undertaking, and wish'd for no-
 thing more than to see the Lord *Lothario* blest'd
 with her unparell'd Charms. I could not help
 making some Observations when he spoke this;
 for, methought his Countenance seem'd to be
 tinctur'd with Disappointment, and that the
 Words did not flow freely from his Heart: How-
 ever, he was in the Right to carry it off with as
 good a Grace as possible, for there was no retreat-
 ing now; it was full as dangerous for his Lordship
 as the Lady in case of a Discovery; and there was
 nothing left for 'em but to hurry me forward as fast
 as possible; and the only Encouragement I had was
 to hear his Lordship commend my Swiftnefs, and
 say that I was the most convenient Carriage he
 ever saw in his Life; and that as he had had the Ho-
 nour of instituting several new Fashions in *England*;
 he would also introduce me to the *Beau Monde*;
 “ and

and immortalize his Name for being so particularly serviceable to his Country. He seem'd to exert himself very much when he spoke this, and discover'd the true Spirit of Patriotism ; and added, that he thought it a Shame for any Gentleman to travel among the *French*, and return home without stealing some Advantage from that Nation, who were continually practising upon the *English* ; he then pinch'd the Cock of his Hat, put his Hand in his Bosom, and loll'd away several Minutes in Silence.

It is true he had great Reason to say so, for there was not an Inn upon the Road but he had sufficiently experienc'd, by paying double the Value for every Thing he had ; and I believe his Purse by this Time was so well drain'd, that it was pretty near upon a Level with his Understanding. However, I bless'd my lucky Stars for pointing out the Road to Preferment, for I found I was to accompany his Lordship to *England*, where Art and Novelty might make a considerable Progress, and I again be restored to my primitive State. With these pleasing Thoughts I soon arriv'd at *Calais*, and having fairly enter'd my Guest at the *White Lion*, had the Satisfaction to hear his Lordship agree with the Landlord (who was my Master's Correspondent) for my Purchase ; and a Bill being drawn for the Money, I was, without further Ceremony, hoisted the next Day on board the *Pacquet* ; and convey'd to *Dover*, where his Lordship and I arriv'd in a few Hours. As to the Lady I saw no more of her ; for she posted another Way in Search of a more amiable Companion ; and I had the Satisfaction of hearing afterwards that she arrived safe to the Arms of her *Lothario*.

WHEN first I came ashore I was receiv'd by a
F
numerous

numerous Attendance; for I believe there was hardly an old Woman, or Boy in the Town, that did not come to look at me: This I took for the Courtesey of the Country, and tripp'd before them with the best *French* Air I could put on; but I was soon undeceiv'd, for before I could reach the Inn where I was to put up, I was cannonaded with Dirt from all Quarters, and call'd a thousand *foutee Bougres*, which made me hurry to get under Shelter as soon as possible, to evade the Malice of these unpolite People. I must confess I was so chagr'in'd at such sort of Treatment, that I began to wish myself in *France* again; and it was as much as I could do to persuade myself that I should not receive the same sort of Usage from the whole Nation; so much my Fears had got the better of my Understanding.

WHEN the Time was come for my Departure, I flew through this unmannerly Town with uncommon Haste; and, by my Swiftnefs, escap'd several of my Enemies, who were preparing for a second Attack. When I had got past their Territories, I took Breath a little; but was hardly recover'd before I enter'd upon the Outskirts of a Village, where I was again beset on all Sides by a Parcel of Clowns, that had nothing to distinguish them from Brutes but their Make; and One, who assum'd to be a rational Creature, said I was a *French* Monster going to *London* to be shew'd among the Lions in the Tower. Several more of these sort of Witicisms pass'd, which occasion'd a loud Laugh, and reach'd from one Dunghill to another; and one of the Clods being a little lighter-heel'd than the rest, jump'd up behind me, which gave me an Advantage that atton'd for the Afront; for I immediately run over a great Stone that lay
in

in the Road, and tumbled the Booby to his native Dirt, where I left him sprawling to consider of his Folly.

THE many Insults I met with upon the Road were insufferable ; I found I was doom'd to run the Gantlet, till I got to *London*, which gave me terrible Apprehensions of what I had to expect from *English* Civility when there ; but when I came to my Lord's House, which was near the Court, I found the Scene most agreeably chang'd, and had the Satisfaction of seeing several of my Countrymen attend in Liveries to receive both his Lordship and me ; and, in spite of all my Sufferings, Pride began again to be predominant : I now consider'd myself of high Degree, and rated my Dignity from the Moment of my Arrival ; and what seem'd to confirm me in the Safety of it was the express Commands given for my being taken particular Care of, which were comply'd with ; and, by the help of a new Thrum-Mop, I was immediately cleans'd from the Incivilities I had met with in my Travels. The next Day I was survey'd by the *Inspector-General* of his Lordship's Carriages, commonly call'd a Coach-maker, and was, by the help of his Genius, in a little Time, fashionably repair'd with new Lining and gilt Outside. Thus, metamorphos'd, I began to be the Talk of the whole Town, and had the Pleasure of seeing the Footmen, for several Days, dispatch'd with Cards, by the way of Invitation, to see me ; and, as his Lordship's Acquaintance were numerous, my Levee was more crowded than that of a foreign Minister, and he was happiest that could get the nearest my Person. Great Order was observed in this Affair, for none but the better Sort were suffer'd to see me

me the first Week, and nothing less than a Right Honourable could be admitted: After that, some few Commoners of Distinction were indulg'd with a transitory View; and this my Lord thought a great Condescension; for he was terribly pester'd by my Lord *Faddle*, Lady *Fidget*, and several others of their Rank; who declar'd I had something so delicate in my Make, that they could gaze away a whole Month upon me without repining at the loss of a new Play, or any other *Blessing* tho' never so great. Nay! Lady *Wishall* was so enamour'd, that upon my Lord's refusing her an Airing in me she fell sick, and it was as much as the most eminent Physicians could do to recover her. This was a very great Misfortune to me, for my Lord, who was a tender-hearted Man, never refus'd to lend me to any Lady afterwards, which buzz'd through the whole Circle; and in less than a Fortnight I had above fifty Jaunts into *Hyde-Park* before Dinner. I thought once I should never have been tired of the Fair-Sex; but, by the unconsionable Use they now made of me, my Back was almost broke, and surfeited all my former Inclinations. I found them so wantonly burthensome, that I wou'd as soon have cross'd a clay'd Ground in the midst of Winter, as have touch'd the Hem of a Petticoat.

BUT my Lord soon saw the Inconveniency of making me too publick; for my Portrait was drawn, and in a very little Time he had the Mortification to see several Resemblances of my Person wheel by him, which hurt his Pride to such a Degree, that he threaten'd immediately to apply for a Patent, that he might have the Power of punishing the Presumption: But it was too late; the

the Fashion had taken Wing, and my Brethren soon became as common as Hackney Coaches. I cannot say that I was much displeased at the Thing, imagining it would take great part of the Labour off of my Shoulders, and I should entirely get rid of my female Companions : But I was mistaken ; they had too great a Veneration for my Country to give me up so soon : Nothing but *French* would please ; and all others were look'd upon, for some Time, with the highest Contempt.

THIS, indeed, fed my Vanity a little ; but as I found Honour was a slavish Thing, I would now have gladly parted with it for a little Ease. My Lord *Faddle* too was as great a Teizer as any Female of them all ; he was a very Butterfly in Dress, and never fail'd, when he had an Opportunity, of being out on a sun-shiny Day. As we pass'd along we attracted every Eye that came in our Way, which gave mutual Satisfaction, as we both imagin'd ourselves worthy of Observation : But I hope I am not too partial to myself, in thinking that it was I that was most admired ; nor was it possible to be otherways indeed ; for his Lordship was so very low in Stature, that his Head would but barely reach up to my Window, and very little more could be seen of him than his Hat and Feather, and part of a large Muff which he held up to his Nose, to keep an unwholesome Air from affecting his Brain. However, he enjoy'd it in Imagination, and since, I found, I was destin'd to be always in Motion ; I was thoroughly satisfy'd in carrying this Gentleman ; for his Weight was so trifling, that I perceiv'd very little Difference between him and Lady *Fidget's* pug Dog, which she always carried with her when she went upon any Affair of Importance.

But

BUT this Happiness was too *light* to be substantial, and I found by the frequent Use that was made of me, my Consequence began to decline, and Lord *Faddle*, who was ever fond of Novelty, grew tir'd, and gave me up in a little Time with an ill-natur'd Sneer, saying, I had been a useful pretty Thing, but I now grew old-fashion'd, and was only fit to carry Tradesmen to *Hampstead* or *Highbate*. The Report of this Nobleman, as he was reckon'd a Man of Taste, certainly did me great Diskindness, for I found myself very much neglected, and even my Master seem'd out of Conceit with me, so that I remain'd a whole Week in the Coach-House without so much as once being enquir'd after, and believe I should have staid there till now, had it not been for one 'Squire *Face*, who introduc'd me again into the World, in spite of all Lord *Faddle* could say to the contrary.

This Gentleman had formerly kept a Tea-Warehouse, but being a Genius was mightily admir'd for his Parts, and by the Help of a new Sort of Merchandize, which he dispos'd of without the Hazard of either *Modesty* or *Reputation*, soon put himself upon a Level with several of our modern Quality: He, Champion-like, took my Cause in Hand, and with some Warmth swore I was of more Use than the whole Family of the *Faddles* put together, and having great Influence over my Master, perswaded him to part with me, so that I very soon became his Property, and was not a little Proud of being made the Companion of a Man of Sense. Here I had a new Manner of Life to run through, no less than that of a Schemist; and though I thought I had a tolerable Share of Understanding, yet I found myself a
meer

meer Novice among those that call themselves the knowing Part of Mankind. It is true I had long had the Honour of serving some of the greatest Titles; but then I cannot say I edified much more by it, than merely to know which was the newest Fashion of Dress; who was the best Actor; and whether a Card-Table had not more Morals than a Pulpit; so that my Conclusion must consequently end in Ignorance, and I no otherways qualified than for a Court Taylor or *Valet de Chambre*.

BUT, Mr. *Face*, who was a Master of Arts, open'd a new Scene, expos'd the Errors of my Life, and plainly shew'd me, that all my Endeavours hitherto consisted of Pageantry and mere Nonsense. He had studied the Metamorphoses, and could at any Time transform a Beau into the meanest Insect; a modern gay Lady into a wrinkled Matron; and make the whole Composition of a Puritan, out of a decayed Rake and disappointed Politician. In short, he was the very Mirror of the Times, and plainly shew'd each Man his own Deformity. Many sorts of People this my new Master mingled with, merely for the Sake of Improvement; for he held it as a constant Maxim, that upon changing the Scene there was always something new to be acquir'd, and Variety seem'd to be one of the principal Points he had in View. After I understood his Inclinations, I prepar'd myself for a general Rout; and instead of taking an Airing in *Hyde-Park*, I travers'd *Covent-Garden*, and other publick Parts of the Town, which gave me much Diversion from the grotesque Figures I carried, who were very fond of accompanying Mr. *Face* in his Vehicle, *ala mode de Paris*. Folly troubled me very often; and now and then Good-Sense

Sense took Place, and we had our different Coffee-Houses where we used to take up each, tho' I was often oblig'd to go a great Way to fetch the latter. But I spar'd no Pains, as I found it answer'd my Master's Purpose, for the one supplied his Purse, the other his Understanding, and by these Means my Wheels were kept a-going.

WAS I capable of giving the Particulars of every Individual, it would make a strange Medley put together, and might justly be stil'd, *The What d'ye call it*, but as Fools in General are no farther worth Notice, than only to fill up the *Vacuum* of an empty Purse, I will therefore bundle 'em together, and like Statues, fix them as a Mark for the Use of the Publick. And shall, by the Way of History, relate only some Occurrences of those, that pass under the Denomination of Wise, and stile themselves the Genius's of the Age; but, as in Painting, Light and Shade make each other more conspicuous, so must I draw the Comparison here; and be under a Necessity of setting up the Ignorant as a Foil, to give some Colour to these choice Spirits, who otherways might, in all Probability, fall something short of their Pretensions. For if I understand Things right, Morality and Good Sense are so nearly allied, that they must be for ever inseparable; and he that would imitate the one, ought to have a sufficient Share of the other.

BUT to return to my Purpose, I was order'd by Mr. Face to stop at a certain Coffee-House in *Covent-Garden*, where he said he was to take in Mr. Dapper, who was a Person universally known, and fam'd for the greatest Naturallist in *Europe*. I was exceeding glad of the Opportunity, for I never heard higher Encomiums upon any Man in
my

my Life, than I had heard on this Gentleman, both as to his Person and Understanding, which swell'd my Expectations, and had made such an Impression on my Mind, that according to Fame I expected to see no less than an *Adonis*, and like a fond Virgin eagerly open'd my Embraces to receive this adored *Phœnix*. But how were my Hopes blasted, when I saw trip towards me a spruce Thing of five Feet high, whose Actions bespoke the *Pantaloon*, and dress that of a *French Mountebank*? It is true the little Creature had very good Eyes, and something extreme Drole in his Countenance, which he could change and model as he pleas'd; and to give a Specimen of his Skill, between the Coffee-House Door and me, he met a grave Gentleman, who seem'd by his Looks to be of the Physical Order; which he accosted with all the Sagacity of the Profession, and enjoined the Sage to a Discourse that lasted a few Minutes, which gave him Time enough to act a Scene of Pleasantry that was quite new to me.

THEIR Topic was upon the *Inspector*, who my suppos'd Doctor (with a great Deal of Earnestness) said, was the very Fountain of Reason, and the most proper Guide for every Man to walk by, that had any Pretensions to Poetry; and at the same Time contracted every Muscle in his Face, as though he were convuls'd. Mr. *Dapper* oppos'd his Opinion, which I perceived was done on Purpose to heighten the Argument, that he might have the better Opportunity of taking the old Gentleman off, as he afterwards term'd it, for there was not a Gesture he made Use of, but *Dapper* counterfeited to a Nicety, and came so near his Voice, that I could hardly distinguish one from the other, when they spoke; there

wanting nothing but Dress and Proportion to make 'em one and the same Being. His Antagonist no ways discover'd the Trick that was put upon him, and was going on with great Zeal; but Mr. *Face* (who thought he was ap'd sufficiently) call'd out that the Humbug was high enough, which cant Word being unknown to the elder Disputant, Mr. *Dapper* assum'd his own Shape again, and as soon as possible took his Leave without any Suspicion of what had happen'd, which concluded with a loud Laugh between *Face* and *Dapper*.

I HAD no sooner receiv'd my little Mimick, than away I posted to Lady *Lovemore's*, who was passionately fond of this Sort of Wit. The World indeed, has been ill-natured enough to say, it was *Dapper's Person* she was enamour'd with, and only made this a Pretence to secure her from Censure; but it's very improbable, any Woman that is capable of distinguishing, can be so deceiv'd as to mistake a Shadow for Substance: Nor do I believe Mr. *Dapper* is so far unacquainted with himself, as to set too much Value upon his Manhood, and therefore endeavours to make up the Defect, by diverting the Thoughts another Way. But let that be which Way it will, it answers his End, for he has found sufficient *Means* to secure the Favour of several Ladies of Distinction, who are never happier than when they have him among them.

WHEN I came into the Court-Yard before Lady *Lovemore's* House, there run out half a Dozen of these fond Females to meet us, and with great Joy told Mr. *Dapper* they were the most wretched Creatures breathing before he came, and should have sunk into a State of Insensibility in one
Hour

Hour more, had he not thus opportunely fall'n in to chace away their Spleen; so without farther Ceremony they seiz'd him by the Arm, and convey'd their Play-Thing to the Parlour, where his Consequence took Place of the whole Company, by being seated at the upper End of the Room. Mr. *Face*, who had no Body left to usher him in but a Footman, was a little chagrin'd at the Treatment; but recollecting that Modesty had long since been out of Fashion, nimbly tripp'd after, and overtook the Wantons Time enough to be admitted a Member of the Society.

My Situation was so near the Window as to hear every thing they said, and had a full Prospect of the whole Assembly, which consisted of eight Ladies, Lord *Dromedary*, Sir *Cloudsley Drawcanker*, old Mr. *Swineborn*, and the two Worthies I had just brought. They were no sooner seated, than Dr. *Hilliard* arriv'd at the Gate, but being inform'd Sir *Cloudsley* was there (who he had lately oblig'd to undergo a severe Purgation) excus'd his Entrance, by saying he had several People of Quality under his Care, that must infallibly be lost if he didn't attend, and after having sent in his Compliments with an Air peculiar to himself, order'd his Coachman to drive to the Marquis of *Bammington's*. The Knight took the Advantage of this Retreat, and with a Sneer of Contempt, said, the Fugitive was absolutely in the Right, to avoid the Presence of one whose Displeasure he had sufficiently experienc'd, and who had so far eclips'd him in a late Undertaking; and then with the Importance of a Conqueror, rose from his Chair, and stalk'd about the Room several Times, which occasion'd some Mirth among the Company. It seems a Paper War had

subsisted a long Time between these two Gentlemen, and each had set forth his Abilities to the Publick in so glaring a Light, that it was hard to determine which deserv'd the Laurel most.

BUT Mr. *Face*, who was no great Friend to Sir *Cloudsley*, began to take up the Cudgels, and said, he thought it beneath an Author who boasted so much Superiority, to speak so unbecoming of a Gentleman in his Absence, (who in his Opinion was at least his equal) and not only himself, but all the World was convinc'd to the contrary of what he said; nay, such late Proofs had been given of Mr. *Hilliard's* Capacity, that Nature herself seem'd indebted to him for discovering new * Beauties hitherto unknown to vulgar Eyes, and how far his extensive Genius might still lead him for the Service of Mankind was worth Attention, and at least merited common Thanks.

HE was going on farther, by calling him the Delight of the Muses; but Sir *Drawcanker* (who swell'd like the Frog in the Fable) could no longer support what he thought an Indignity to his Parts, and immediately burst into twenty Comparisons by the Way of Quotation, and then appeal'd to the Company for the Truth of his Argument. But before any reply could be made, *Face* again took Fire, and rais'd the Contention to such a Height, that it appear'd difficult to extinguish the Heat of their Fury, and as they were both Men of undoubted Valour, it might have been Fatal, had not Mr. *Dapper* (with his usual Way of ridiculing every Thing serious) interfer'd, by taking *Drawcanker* by the Hand, and leading him to a Looking-Glass, where he en-

* *A sort of Animalcula's in K---ing---ton Gardens.*
deavour'd

deavour'd to shew him how his Passions had drawn him from himself ; and, by several ingenious Inventions in Mimickry, expos'd the Absurdity of contending for a Right that never could be obtain'd but through the Approbation of others.

THIS had the desired Effect ; especially as Mr. *Dapper* allow'd each to have his different Manner of pleasing in Poetry, and immediately drew a Comparison, as between a Black Beauty and a Fair One. You, Sir *Cloudsley*, (continued he) I must call the Black Beauty ; and I believe it will be allowed by all, there can be no Addition made to to your sable Charms ; for, like a serene Night, you strike an awful Stilness all around you ; and as a balmy Comfort to a sickly Mind, lull the care-tir'd Thoughts into a State of Forgetfulness, and bury at once the painful Dregs of Life. Whilst *Hilliard's* fairer Charms strive to imitate the Sun, and, darting such Lustre from his Meridian, occasions new Wonders in every Beholder ; then gives strange Birth to Fancies unthought of before, and forms at once Creations all his own : His radiant Beams exhale that Cloud of Errors that hovers round the Brain of the self-sufficient Bard ; and like the fond *Indian* that sucks the Poison from another's Wound, dies in endeavouring a Passage to immortal Fame.

THIS sublime Description alter'd every Feature in *Drawcanker's* Face, and put him into a musing Posture for some Minutes, which the Company perceiving, endeavour'd to divert, by calling a new Topick ; and as Lady *Lovemore* was very fond of Change, she apply'd to Mr. *Swineborn* for the News of the Town, as a Person whose Penetration she had long rely'd on. The old Gentleman, ever fond of obliging the Fair Sex, told her

Ladyship

Ladyship the most important Business of the People, and which at present seem'd to ingross the whole Attention of those that call themselves the polite Part of Mankind, was, the Playhouses. O dear, that's true, reply'd her Ladyship! I hear there has been great Disputes among 'em: Pray what was the Occasion?

THE theatrical State, said he, Madam, resembles the whole World in Epitome, where Pride, Envy, Avarice and Treachery, reign predominant: All Morals laid down by *Shakespeare*, and the best of Authors, are there only read, not studied; and the strutting Hero of twenty Shillings a Week catches the Example from his arbitrary Master, and proudly lords it in the Summer strolling Season, over those that are so unhappy as to be plac'd beneath him. The top Actor, ever fearful of Advantages being taken of him, by being lower'd in his Characters, and thereby losing the Esteem of the Audience, is continually hatching new Schemes to preserve his Consequence, whilst the Manager is using all the Art he can to secure the Actor and the Money too; each is suspicious of the other, and seldom fails to take Advantage when an Opportunity offers; so one bad Precedent begets another, till the whole is put into Confusion; and the Town, instead of meeting with proper Entertainment, is frequently alarm'd with their Disputes.

I AM surpriz'd, said Lord *Dromedary* (who had not spoke till now) that Matters of so little Moment should any ways ingross the Attention of People of Understanding, who ought to employ their Talents for the Service of their Country, and leave these Triflers to their Controversies. Your Lordship's Sentiments are very just, return'd
Mr,

Mr. *Swineborn*, but it is not altogether the Case here ; for I am afraid, upon Circumspection, you will find some of their Protectors consist of Triflers not much superior to themselves. I dare not say more, for fear of casting an Odium upon some certain Ladies, who seem to build their sole Happiness on the Stage Production. O you're undone, cry'd Lady *Lovemore*, if you proceed any further, and will entirely forfeit my good Opinion. Pr'ythee don't be so satyrical, but keep to the Point in question, and let us know where the Blame ought to lie. I have already observ'd to you, Madam, said he, that the Whole is culpable, but I cannot help saying the chief Reason is owing to those that support their Arrogance ; and you must excuse me for finding Fault with such People of Distinction as put themselves upon a Footing with Players.

How common a Thing it is to see a Man of Family and Fortune mingle with their Fooleries, and even at the Hazard of Reputation, become one of themselves, with only this Addition to distinguish him, *That such a Part is performed by a Gentleman for his Diversion*. Go to the Beaux Coffee-Houses, and what will you hear talk'd of besides Acting ? What Contention frequently arises among these Stage-Politicians, concerning who performs his Part best ; and he that gets the better of the Argument, plumes himself more upon it ; than if he had deliver'd his Country from the utmost Distress. These are the Things that swell the Vanity of these People, and make them insist upon Salaries much superior to some of the great Officers at Court, which is sure to fall upon their Admirers, by obliging them to pay an extravagant Price for being admitted to their Exhibitions.

MR.

MR. *Face*, who was well acquainted with these Matters, interrupted Mr. *Swineborn*, by saying he seem'd too partial to the Managers; for as the Actors were the Support of a Playhouse, he thought they had as much Right to share in the Advantages as those that were their Directors; and since the Thing would very well afford to pay them according to their Merit, he could not see any Reason they should be Slaves merely to enrich others.

NOR would I have 'em, reply'd *Swineborn* hastily! But I should be very glad to know what their Stage-*Modesty* thinks a Sufficiency; for instead of being a Service to the Community, it is rather an Introduction to various Scenes of Debauchery, where many a young Person, hurried on by Excess, glides down a Stream of Pleasure, 'till he splits upon the Rock that lies conceal'd underneath: And is there any Thing in this that can make it boast such a Pre-eminence, and give a Title to make its own Demands.

MR. *Dapper*, who now assum'd all the Gravity of Fourscore, told Mr. *Swineborn*, that his sagacious Observations were founded upon too much Truth to pass unregarded by the Thinking Part of Mankind: But as some of our modern People of Fashion seldom arrive to Years of Discretion before they have the Gout, he had some Doubts whether it was possible to argue them out of their favourite Passions, as they were determin'd to make the most of their juvenile Days; and since their Infant-Understanding requir'd to be pleas'd with something suitable, he thought it quite indifferent where they made their Choice. A very pretty Conclusion indeed, said Lady *Lovemore*; and so you would infer from this, that those who take the innocent

novent Diversions of a Playhouse, must in Course be intitled to wear the Cap of Folly: But that I know you are not in Earnest, Mr. *Dapper*, or I should immediately advise you to quit all Pretensions to the Man of Taste, and from henceforward slip into some Corner, and brood over your own fordid Opinion. Taste! Why ay, Madam, said *Dapper*, that is the very Point we are arguing upon: Is it any Proof that I am right because I follow the Multitude? Or can your Ladyship persuade me Judgment consists in Show and Equipage. Nothing but mere Complaisance makes me give way to these Things, and contradict the real Sentiments of my Mind, for fear of being entirely abandon'd, and oblig'd to spend the rest of my Life in Solitude.

BUT, to return to the Matter in question, don't you really think these *Acting* Fellows have got to too great a Pitch of Presumption, and what can give you greater Proof than their forcing upon the Publick some of their Pieces that have been generally disapprov'd of: Nay, and even dragoon us out of our Right of Refusal, by placing a Number of People *gratis* in the Pit and Gallery, who are ready, upon the Word of Command, to make use of the *Broughtonian* Science of Defence; so that a Beau stands no more Chance in the Hands of one of these hard-headed Monsters, than a Mamozet does in the Mouth of a Bull-Dog; but is oblig'd to give up his Opinion, and sneak off with the utmost Discomposure.

AND I remember once, when Sir *Peter Whiffle-pin* was passing several Encomiums on the extraordinary Behaviour of one of the Players, in a favourite Character, and telling him, that as the Town was fickle, he ought to make the best use

of his Time ; for it was a Pity so many Beauties should be thrown away in vain. The insolent Wretch, after strutting half a Dozen Times up and down the Green-Room, return'd him for Answer, That it was impossible there could be any Danger till they could find his Equal ; for, said he, they esteem not me, but their own Pleasures, which as I have the Power to give, I am determin'd they shall pay for ; and the Miser, that will not advance a Shilling to redeem his Fellow-Creature from starving, will freely open his Purse-strings, so soon as my Name appears in a Play-Bill. I remove all Difficulties whatsoever, and melt the most obdurate Hearts ; nay cure Diseases too upon Occasion ; for her puny Ladyship, who surely catches Cold, if a Window is but left open, will venture, in the very depth of Winter, to indulge that excessive Passion she has for my Performance, and never fails of returning home in perfect Health. The broken-hearted Lover, that languishes for the sight of his Mistress, is often oblig'd to me for a happy Glance, and when her Fancy is wing'd with pleasant Imaginations, all owing to the great Flow of Spirits she receives from me, he gains more Success in that single Hour than in whole Years of whining Courtship. What think you now, Sir ! Can there be any Danger whilst their Happiness depends so much upon mine ! He was going on further, but was interrupted by being call'd upon the Stage. Now judge, Madam, if such Arrogance ought not to be corrected ; and if Sir *Peter* had not been a Man of the mildest Disposition in the World, he certainly must have chastis'd such a Varlet in an uncommon Manner.

THIS is allowing to yourselves, said Lady *Love-*
more ; you have no Business in their Green-Room ;
 and

and if you didn't mingle among them, as Mr. *Swineborn* observes, there would be no Parties made to support their Misbehaviour. It is we that suffer for your Indiscretion, by being frequently interrupted in our Diversions. You first raise them up to this intolerable Height of Vanity, and then blame 'em for following the Example. No, no, said *Dapper*, it is the Ladies that make 'em forget their Station, by giving just what they please to demand, and oblige us very often to expose our Persons, by endeavoring to break through that unreasonable Custom of paying more than half Price at the end of the Third Act, after they have run a Play 'till Every-body is tired of it.

Mr. *Face* said that was a Thing he believed they could not avoid, on Account of the extraordinary Charge they were at in getting it up; and that it had always been a Custom ever since he had been acquainted with a Theatre. What extraordinary Charge can there be, said Mr. *Dapper*, any more than the Alteration of a few Cloaths, most of which they buy Second-hand: But I will give up this Point; and as I am a little acquainted with the Stage History, I shall trace it backwards as far as *Booth's* Time, who, in Conjunction with *Wilks* and *Cibber*, conducted their House with the greatest Decorum, and left no Room for either Jealousy or Fear.

THESE Gentlemen maintain'd an amiable Character, and acquir'd a handsome Fortune without Envy, at a Time when not above one fourth Part of the People went to Plays to what they do now; they then look'd upon the Town as their Patron, and made it their whole Study to please; always viewing an Audience with the utmost Respect, and submissively acknowledge the Favours they

receiv'd without vainly boasting their own Merit, or entertaining that ambitious Thought of the Town's being obliged to them for their Performance. If a new Piece was exhibited upon the Stage, which was disapprov'd of, they did not endeavour to force it upon the People, but modestly gave up their own Judgment, out of Complaisance to their Benefactors, always preferring Approbation before any immediate lucrative Views, which was the surest Way of obtaining Interest, and coming to a happy Conclusion.

It is very evident, in the getting up of a Play at that Time, the Dresses were as good as they are now, and the Scenery no ways inferior; and yet did they never once endeavour to continue the Full Prices, after the Run of the Thing was over, under Pretence of tacking an old worn-out Farce to the End of it, such as the *Contrivances*, *Intriguing Chambermaid*, &c. which would not be an additional Expence of ten Shillings; and yet have these old Stagers (one of them having mounted upwards of thirty Times in a Season) been the Occasion of raising the Boxes from four Shillings to five; the Pit from half a Crown to three Shillings; and the first Gallery from Eighteen-pence to two Shillings; which Custom has been settled so long, that I believe most People imagine it was so from the Beginning.

In short, a Playhouse now brings in such a Mine of Treasure, that it fills the Actors with Envy, and continually puts them upon Invention how to partake of it, by insisting upon Salaries much above their Desert; whilst the Manager, with the Eyes of *Argus*, keeps a constant Guard upon his Coffers, and chains these uneasy Dependants for a Term of Years, with that common
Fetter

Fetter, call'd an Article, which sometimes sits so heavy, that they are oblig'd to apply to *Westminster-Hall* to regain their Liberty.

I CANNOT see, said Mr. *Face*, what Method can be taken to prevent these Disputes, and to procure the Town its ancient Privilege of chosing for itself. Examine other Countries, said Mr. *Dapper*, and you won't find the Task so hard as you imagine: In *France* you'll find few Actors get above a hundred Pounds a Year; they are there kept in their proper Station, and made of Service to the Community; for after each Man is paid, according to his Degree, the surplus Cash, which amounts to large Sums of Money, is received by the Government, and distributed for particular Uses; and the Managers have Salaries allow'd them for Inspection; who are oblig'd to give a just Account of all the Profits arising from the Theatre. But here the Thing is got into a few Hands; and the very Means that ought to secure us our Entertainment (by giving these People just what they please to demand) are the sole Reasons why we are deprived of it; for they no sooner grow rich then they forget Themselves and Us. And when they deign to give us (though with much Importunity) a favourite Play, it must immediately be set forth, *By particular Desire*; as a proper Warning not to be too frequent in our Demands.

THE trading Part of Mankind, that toil whole Years away to support the Dignity of the Kingdom, must certainly think it very hard, that as almost every Necessary of Life is tax'd, such unbounded Pleasures should be free; and how irksome must it be to see such useless Drones drain the Sweets of their incessant Labour without the least Controul. Lady *Lovemore* burst out a laughing

ing at this; and told Mr. *Dapper*, she didn't doubt, if he had any weight in Parliament, but she should soon see a Bill brought in to regulate the Playhouses. If I had the Power, nothing would be more certain, said he, Madam; and I can very easily make it appear, that was the whole Round of publick Diversions taken in, it would bring in no inconsiderable Sum; for it is very evident People will pay for nothing sooner than their Pleasures. Therefore, if it was so order'd that no Player should exceed two hundred Pounds a Year Salary, (which is very sufficient for that Calling) and that the Managers should not share out of Proportion, the Remainder would be sufficient to support a Number of indigent People, and we should soon find a visible Alteration in theatrical Manners, by studying to please where they now often endeavour to affront. All the Company seem'd to be of his Opinion, except Lady *Lovemore*, who was afraid that such a Scheme would deprive her of her favourite Actor, which, she said was so us'd to be indulg'd in every thing h^{er} ask'd, that she imagin'd it would break the poor Creature's Heart to be so lower'd; and then, said she, Mr. *Dapper*, we should immediately call a Jury of Ladies, and try you as the common Destroyer of our darling Pleasures; but I am perswaded you are so good a Judge of the Beauties of Acting, that if you will but go with me to the Play To-night, and see my Favourite in h^{er} principal Character, you will throw aside all Prejudice, and say that h^{er} merits more than the whole Town is able to give: Therefore no Objection, but obey the Summons, and the Ladies here will accompany us. I am all Submission to your Commands, said Mr. *Dapper*; but you must allow me one Privilege. What's that? said she.

Only

Only that I may be at Liberty, Madam, to make use of my Reason, and shew you that what you see To-night will not all be natural, but made up of Starts and Tricks of Custom, merely to amuse the credulous Part of the Audience, three Parts of which generally take it upon Trust, and are more capable of Seeing than Understanding. But I will take the Whole to Pieces, and point out plainly to you where the Error lies; and that a disagreeable Hoarseness attacks h** in the Third Act, and entirely destroys all Harmony in h** Voice: This puts h** upon Invention, and makes h** introduce unnatural Sallies, to supply the Defect; and, straining h**self out of Character, finishes quite another Thing to what *** was when *** began. Well, said Lady *Lovemore*, you shall point out what you please, provided you will but go with us; and if you do prove my Judgment erroneous, I shall have best Part of the Town to back me; so that I shall either force you to a Retreat, or oblige you to give up the Argument.

SHE then call'd for the Tea-Table, where the Ladies for half an Hour ingross'd the whole Discourse to themselves, which chiefly consisted of the Transactions of their Female Acquaintance; but as I could distinguish nothing that will rebound much to the Advantage of those Ladies they talk'd of, I must beg leave to remain silent on that Head. While they were drinking their Liquor of Scandal, I could not help reflecting upon what I had heard, and found that what was call'd Good Sense, was so near allied to Folly, that there was nothing left but Report to make the Difference. Here was a Set of People in high Life, that I might reasonably have expected to edify by; but how were my Hopes disappointed, when

I found their chief Discourse was thrown away upon the Fooleries of the Stage, with what Contempt I then view'd these Favourites of Fortune, who by their Actions seem'd to be plac'd here on no other Account, than to destroy that Time that was given for Improvement, and Trifles light as their Understandings appear'd the whole Business of their Lives. I bless'd my self that I was not of their Species, and began to think that Wisdom was confin'd to so narrow a Compass, that I might travel the most publick Parts of this great City, and still miss the happy Corner where she lay.

THESE Observations threw me almost into Despair, and made me think I was making a fruitless Search after what I never could arrive at; I therefore resolv'd within my self, to remain contented, and leave the rest to Chance; and had no sooner made the Conclusion than I was again order'd by Mr. Face to go upon another Round of Folly, which lasted 'till Midnight. I now become so common a Drudge, that I no longer excited Curiosity, but was left to wander through the Streets quite disregarded, and stripp'd of all my former Pride, so that I had nothing left to hope for but Ease, which seem'd to be at so great a Distance, that I had very little Probability of obtaining it, 'till I was quite wore to Pieces. My Master often talk'd of setting up his Chariot, but then as he was a Schemist, he was liable to so many Accidents, that the Thought was no sooner hatch'd than destroy'd: And when his Finances were low, which was often the Case, like a common Harlot I was prostituted to every Trifler that pleas'd to call upon me, in order to supply his necessary Expences, which were generally rais'd by way of Loan for his Civilities.

Besides

Besides he was so exceedingly admir'd for his great Skill in Mimickry and other Studies in Taste, that whoever was seen in his Company, was immediately concluded a Man of Wit, and enter'd upon the List of the Humbuggers, which of late Days is more applauded than any Study the Colleges can afford.

THIS great Opinion the younger Part of Mankind had of my Master's Abilities, made him consulted upon every Affair of the like Importance, and gave him such Consequence, that he might safely have depended upon the Discretion of his Admirers for a Subsistence. Very often Affairs of another sort came before him for his Consideration, such as a Disappointment for the Loss of a Mistress, or how to get off of a Duel with some dull Fellow that didn't understand the Word *Humbugg*, and was so unfashionable as to be affronted at what was only design'd to occasion Mirth, all which Mr. *Face* decided with the greatest Judgment. And I remember once, when Capt. *Phantom*, who had somewhat exceeded the Bounds of common Modesty with Capt. *O'Swagger*, and forgot the Rules laid down by Mr. *Face* in *Humbuggry*, (which were never to carry the Joke so high as to let the Person understand the Meaning). *O'Swagger*, in an unexpected Manner, immediately seiz'd the most conspicuous Part of Mr. *Phantom's* Face, which was his Nose; and, having unmercifully handled it, left it to the Care of a *Covent-Garden* Surgeon, whose utmost Skill could hardly fix it in its proper Place again: Although this gave the Captain exquisite Pain, yet he was so far Master of his Passion as not to commit any Act of Rashness; but coolly submitted the Affair to Mr. *Face*, to advise him in what Manner he

should revenge the Affront, for Fear of being liable to the same Sort of Insult again. Mr. *Face*, who had always too great a Value for his Friends to expose them to Danger, recommended Patience and soft Soap; which, being well apply'd to his Nose, would play O'Swagger such a slippery Trick, if ever he should make a second Attack, that it would not only disappoint him, but entirely secure that unfortunate Part from any Consequences of the like Nature. This Determination was so much applauded, that it was enter'd upon Record; and it's said the Captain has ever since carried a Box of Soap in his Pocket.

So many of this Sort of Complainers attended my Master's Levee, that he (like me) began to wish for a Retreat, by the way of recruiting his Spirits, and only waited for Supplies, and a proper Opportunity, to get rid of these daily Disturbers of his Repose; and I think, if I am capable of distinguishing Mankind, Mr. *Face* might justly boast some Pretensions to Knowledge; but, by a long Experience, he had found that the Road of Understanding was no common Path, and often led to Poverty and Contempt; which oblig'd him to take Folly by the Hand, as a certain Guide to what the World calls Happiness; but I persuade myself, as soon as he has obtained his Point in View, he will again assume his proper Shape, and leave his present Followers to themselves.

It being now the Season for *Scarborough*, where most Gentlemen of Taste and Figure make their Appearance, Mr. *Face* had some Thoughts of joining in the Fashion, and making that his Place of Residence, in order to change the Scene a little; and after raising certain Contributions, (which as
President

of the *Humbug Assembly* he was intitled to) accordingly fix'd his Day for Departure. I no sooner heard the Time mention'd, than I expected to be call'd upon to prepare for the Journey, which must have been the Case, had it not been for an unforeseen Accident that caus'd an entire Separation between my Master and me. One 'Squire *Cuckow*, who was never happy but when in Mr. *Face's* Company, had somehow crept into his Design; and, not being able to support the Loss of him, resolv'd at all Rates to bear him Company; and having order'd six Horses to be put to his Coach, made so genteel a Figure, before Mr. *Face's* Door, that he could in no Shape refuse the kind Offer; but, through Complaisance, was oblig'd to receive both Mr. *Cuckow* and his Equipage under his *Care*.

THEY were no sooner gone, than it was buzz'd about the Town; and the Person who was left as my Guardian (a rascally Innkeeper) began to betray his Trust; by removing me from a very good Coach-House into the Stable-Yard, where, in a contemptuous Manner, he thrust me into a Corner next the Horsepond; swearing I should stay there till I had paid my Rent. In this aguish Place I continu'd a whole Month, and was oblig'd to submit to every Indecency this Tap-tub of a Landlord would inflict. There was no Ill in Life I dreaded so much as coming into the Hands of one of these narrow-soul'd Fellows; and the woeful Remembrance I had of my unhappy Circumstances once before, gave me terrible Ideas of what I had now to expect. Several Letters pass'd between my present Keeper and my Master, and I soon found my Sentence pronounc'd, by giving this Wretch a full Power to dispose of me, in order to discharge a small Debt due to him for my Stand-

ing, which the paltry Fellow had Impudence enough to say was more than I was worth. He had no sooner got me into his Clutches, than I had the Mortification of seeing myself publickly advertiz'd, and expos'd like a *Smithfield* Bargain to various Sorts of People, most of which had as forbidden Countenances as himself. But as Fortune has long try'd my Patience, and finds that I have submitted to every Severity she has been pleas'd to throw upon me, now frowns no longer, but, propitious to my Wishes, has open'd a pleasant Scene productive of many happy Days, and sent as my good Genius no less a Man than Doctor *R**** to my Relief, whose high Understanding soon perceiv'd my Worth; and, like the Ambassador of Fate, snatch'd me from those unhallow'd Hands that threaten'd my total Destruction. I no sooner became the Property of this Gentleman, than he began to alter every Part of me; my Head he entirely new modell'd, and gave me quite another Turn of Mind to what I had before; he purg'd me from all my mistaken Notions, and lopt off every Error of my past Life. In short, I was so much his Care, that he conceal'd no Part of his great Skill from me; and once a Week we constantly attended *Covent-Garden* for the Good of the Commonwealth; but as our *Modesty* would never permit us to say too much in our own Praise, I shall submit the rest to Fame, who daily reported the great Services we did Mankind: And I make no Doubt but close Application, and a few Years, would at least have made me one of the Faculty.

P. S. If this meets with a candid Reception, the remaining Part will soon follow; containing several remarkable Adventures and Intrigues at
Bath,

Bath, Scarborough, Tunbridge, and other Publick Places, which will open a far more entertaining Scene to the Reader.

F I N I S.



E R R A T A.

PAGE 5. Line 9. instead of *Cavalier*, read *Chaval*; p. 6. l. 18. instead of *Load*, read *Lord*; p. 20. l. 27, instead of *Shapeau*, read *Chapeau*; p. 33. l. 3. instead of *forget*, read *forgot*.

[80]
22 IV 69
Just Publish'd, in Octavo,

Price 2 s. 6 d. sewed, or 3 s. 6 d. bound,
Dedicated to His Grace the Duke of
DORSET,

THE History of the remarkable Election at *Dublin*, in the Year 1749. With a Sketch of the present State of Parties in the Kingdom of *Ireland*.

By a BRITON.

Printed for *J. Swan*, near *Northumberland-House* in the *Strand*.

Where may be had,

Just Publish'd, Price One Shilling.

With an Address to the ingenious Mr.
HOGARTH.

A Critical Account of what is transacted by People of almost all *Religions, Nations, Circumstances*, and Sizes of *Understanding*, in the Twenty-Hours Hours between *Saturday Night* and *Monday Morning*. In a true Description of a **SUNDAY**, as it is usually spent within the *Bills of Mortality*. Calculated for the Tenth of *June*.

---Let Fancy guess the rest. *Buckingham.*